For the YOUNG PEOPLE

DIRTYFACED WALLY

It surely was a great disgrace,
That Wally wouldn't wash his face,
His Mother's pleadings were in vain,
For Wally did unwashed remain.
And so from day to day, alack!
He grew from white to gray, then black!

And that is how his parents made
A sad mistake, for when his shade
Matched Sam who lived out in the Alley,
They took in Sam and left out Walley!
And just to think the boy's distress
Was brought by his own carelessness!

In vain did Wally weep and plead,
No one believed, no one gave heed.
"'Tis hard to tell," said Pa to Mother,
"One looks to me just like the other."
And even faithful Tray alert
Could not know Wally through his dirt!

And then one day a happy thought
Some comfort to poor Wally brought.
"If I should wash, Papa may see,
That I am really just poor me.
I'll go and get some scrubbing soap,
And that will get me clean I hope!"

With soap in hand down by the brook,
Went Wally—naught his courage shook,
Though to get rid of so much dirt,
Made Wally scrub until it hurt.
His face and hands, and, yes, my dears,
He was most careful with his ears!

And what a different boy was this!
His Mother met him with a kiss,
His Father looked with joy and pride,
While Tray pressed, barking, at his side.
"I'll never go unwashed again,"
Vowed Wally, "that is very plain."

Excitement On Willow Tree Beach

ALL the long happy summer Marcia, Dick and Ted had played on the beach and played croquet in the evenings and gone swimming and wading and everything that girls and boys do at the seashore and, of course, they had dug lakes and made things out of sand. But until Jane came, the last week before the season was over they had never had the real fun on the beach that they did after her arrival. For Jane knew how to make everything—or if she didn't know quite how to make everything, it seemed like everything to her three admiring friends.

Jane had never been to the ocean before. She had always spent her summers at an inland lake where she could play in the sand and not be bothered by the great waves that sometimes dashed up and spoiled a morning's work in the sand. And Jane had never heard of tides. But then—tides don't come into the story—that is, not yet!

On Friday morning while the four children were finishing their breakfast at the Willow Tree Cottage where all were stopping, Marcia's mother said to them, "Well, people, what's the order of the day? You know this is the very last day you can play on the beach."

"Let's go swimming right now and stay all day," suggested Ted.

"Bur-r-r-r!" exclaimed Jane and Dick together, "it's too cold this early in the morning. Let's make towns in the sand."

"And swim at eleven o'clock when it's warmer," added Ted good naturedly, "all right let's."

"Oh, I know," cried Jane with a sudden inspiration, "let's find a new place and build a whole town and houses and a court house and everything. I know how to make 'em stand up high. Let's hurry so there'll be plenty of time."

With a great scurrying and pushing, all very happy and good natured, chairs were pushed back, sand buckets and shovels were hunted out and the four town builders were off.

Down the road to the beach the children scampered, across the "fill" where the sandy stretches had been filled with crushed shell to make a firm road, and over to the sandy beach where the tiny waves and tempting hills and hollows made an ideal playground.

"Now we have to have some sticks and three or four boards," said Jane.

"I'll get those," answered Ted, "while you pick out where the town's going to be. Get a good place," he added, "'cause we want plenty of room for us all to work."

"Look what I've got," exclaimed Marcia, and she showed a bit of glass which would make real windows in the court house of their to-be-town.

"Fine," exclaimed Jane happily, "I know this is going to be a beautiful town. Oh, Marcia!" she added, pointing out a bit, "let's make it there."

Marcia looked to where Jane was pointing. Out from where they were standing, a bit around a rocky edge was an island. No, not a real island but a sandy bar that stuck up out of the water and glistened in the bright morning sunshine. And she noticed that if they walked closely by the rocks, they could get out to the sand as easily as not.

"Wouldnt it be wonderful!" she cried, "let's start."

So when Ted came back with the needed boards and sticks he found the building party wandering out to the sand bar. He too noticed the glistening sand and thought it a wonderful site for their town.

"It's funny we never noticed it before, though," he said as he caught up with the others. "I guess we never got out quite so early when the light shone on it just this way."

As soon as the firm dry sand was reached the children set to work. Jane was head builder because the idea of a whole town was hers. She drew the map of the town on the sand and laid stones where the houses and buildings were to be. "There'll be the court house and here'll be the church. And this is the market square."

"But you've got the courthouse so far from the others," objected Marcia.

"That's because it's in a park," said Jane. "You just wait and see how pretty we can make the park," she added encouragingly, "we can make patterns of flowerbeds even if we have only sand to work with. And then too, if we have plenty of room around it we can all work on it at once."

As Soon As The Firm, Dry Sand Was Reached The Children Set To Work

So they set to work. Jane showed them how to stick four sticks into the sand and put the board across the top to make a platform. This made a firm framework for the biggest sort of a building and made it possible to make a much higher and more tower trimmed building than would have been possible with only sand. Dick brought buckets and buckets full of sand to pile on the frame work, while Ted and Jane packed it on and Marcia gave advice from a stand-up position where she could see how the whole building was coming on.

"There now!" exclaimed Jane with satisfaction, as she tipped back on her heels, "it's ready for the tower. Ted White! Aren't we fast workers? Dick! she added sharply, that's no fair to spill water on my shoes!"

"I'm not spilling any water on your shoes!" exclaimed Dick in amazement, "I'm right here in front of you bringing sand for the tower."

Jane looked up. Sure enough, there was Dick right in front of her—and Marcia and Ted too—yet somebody had spilled water on her heels, she could feel the wetness.

She whirled around to spy out the newcomer and saw water—the great ocean itself spilling up by her shoes, closer and closer all the while.

"What's the matter with this ocean?" she demanded half in fear. "When we started here there was plenty of room to play and now look at it!"

Ted and Marcia and Dick looked and they knew what was the matter. They knew that the tide had turned and that their pretty little sand bar would be under water in a very few minutes, and that each wave coming in would make the trip along the rock more and more difficult.

"No use crying over spilt milk or turned tides," said Ted manfully, "we'll need all our breath for getting home. But we should have known better, Marcia. Jane's not used to tides."

With quick orders, Ted got the four of them in a row, hands tightly clasped and together the little line tried to find its way along the rocks they had passed only a little while before. Footing was slippery, the waves dashed up and wet them all over.

"Don't you mind," said Ted as he set his teeth firmly and held Jane and little Dick so tightly it hurt, "hang together and we can make it with only a wetting."

Just at that minute the life guard up at the bathing beach spied them which was a good thing as the children still had the hardest part to go. He came running down the beach and out along the rocks to meet them.

"Hang together!" he cried as he neared them, "that's the idea old man!" And in another two minutes he had them all safe on the main beach.

Then when it was all over, mothers and children came running and there was great fun and excitement.

"Did you say you'd have a quiet day," laughed Jane's mother as Mrs. White came in to lunch with her three children dried and combed and hungry.

"Well, who cares about the quietness?' demanded Mrs. Jeness, "what I want to know is whose hungry enough for double helpings?"

And four little people shouted, "I am!"

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Born Sept. 15, 1789—Died Sept. 14, 1851

IS there any real American boy who has not read with feverish interest and with bated breath the novels of our first American novelist—James Fenimore Cooper? Cooper was indeed a September child, having both his birth and his death day in that month. When he was still an infant his father moved with his family to Otsego Lake, in the interior of New York, and here he built a home and founded the village of Cooperstown. Out on the edge of the forest young Cooper grew into boyhood. Cooperstown was in the very back woods of the day civilization. On the frontier—the border that separated the woods and the Indians from the rough settlement of the white man Cooper spent his boyhood days. There he spent his time upon the beautiful lake fashioning canoes after the manner of the Indians about him; there he roamed about the beautiful woods as they rose on all sides about him; there he slept at night amid the solemn silence of a little settlement a hundred miles beyond the advancing line of civilization.

There in the backwoods of 18th Century America, the boy Cooper grew and as he grew he learned the crafts and tricks of the people who lived about him. He learned the craft of the woodsman and the tricks of the trappers; the art of the forest and the tales and legends of the border folk. All these he learned, and later used to create the background of his stirring stories.

Cooper went to college—to Yale, but he did not graduate from that institution. The call of the outdoors was ringing in his ears, and he was prone to spend his time in frolic rather than in study. At last it was decided that a life on the sea would cure his restless habits and Cooper at the age of seventeen sailed the high seas on a merchant vessel.

Is it any wonder that Cooper's adventure tales hold the reader spellbound? He lived his adventures first hand, and in his books he has made them live again for you to read and enjoy. If you do not know the works of James Fenimore Cooper, go to the nearest library and ask the librarian to show you where they are, and then read them. You will find them some of the greatest treats you have ever enjoyed.

School Days

VACATION Days are over; the school bell rings once more,
And throngs of happy children go flocking through the door.—
Hearts high with new ambition, and vows that this new term
Shall stand for work accomplished, with lessons new to learn.

Vacation days are over, but dreams of hours of play
Are with us through the Autumn, throughout the long school day;
And thoughts of summer gladness and hours free from rule
Make pleasanter the hours that we must spend in school.

Vacation Days are over, School Days are here again
We've time for work and time for play: that much is very plain;
If life were only playime, we'd quickly tire of joy,
But too much work, they tell us, "makes Jack a stupid boy."

A QUEER PLACE TO LIVE

I'LL bet you could never guess where our house is, for it is right where no one would ever think of looking for it. Well, it is back under the front steps of a house where people live, and everybody that goes in or out tramps right over our heads. Our mother, that is Mrs. Jenny Wren, selected the place, and whether our Dad liked the location or not, he had to live there, for whatever mother says in our family, goes.

Our house, or nest as birds call it, is made of long grass, and strings and little twigs, all woven together in a ball, about the size and shape of a twenty-five cent cantaloupe. And it had the cutest little passage-way leading from one side into the living room in the center. This room was not square like the ones in the big house under which we live, but was round, and lined floor, walls, and all with feathers, and was about the very nicest room you ever saw. When we children, and there are eight of us, go to sleep we cuddle up in a little heap in the middle of the room. The fact is, it is so cozy, and comfy and dark, that we sleep most of the time, when we are not eating, and the days slip by without our knowing it.

Our mother is mighty good to us, and every few minutes through the day, she is bringing us something nice to eat. Sometimes, it is a little green worm, and sometimes it is a baby grasshopper without any wings, and then again it is a fat brown cutworm, all cool and damp, from the garden. When we hear her coming, we wake up and open our bills and squeak like so many young mice. Somehow, she can tell which one of us had the last lunch, and she never makes a mistake and gives it to the same one twice, so in that way, we all get our share and no more.

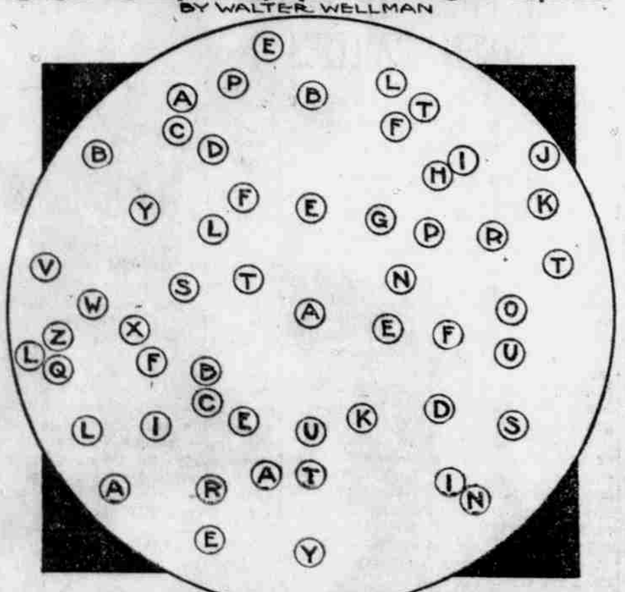
At first you would never have supposed we were any kin to our mother as we were not dressed in brown feathers like hers, but all we had on were a lot of little blue-black things sticking out of wings, and where our tails were to be later on—pin-feathers, I think they call them. But they grew very fast, and in a little while, we had regular feathers, but they were very scattering, and we still had an undressed feeling, and would have been awfully ashamed if a stranger had peeped in. We did not see much of Dad in those days, as mother was always scolding and fussing with him whenever he came around, and telling him that it did look as if he was old enough to know what kind of food baby wrens liked, and not be bringing them great big, hard bugs that they could not swallow. He was mighty good natured and talked back, but would hop out to a rose bush by the steps, and sing and sing as if he was so happy he could not hold it in. Our mother, as sweet and good as she was, was so figety that she made us nervous. She couldn't keep still a minute, and was forever jerking her funny little bob-tail up or down, or sideways. Every time she had a thought she gave it a jerk, and when she did not have a thought, she flirted it twice, and we wondered why she did not wear it out. She always wore the same brown dress with buff and black trimmings, but it was very becoming, and fitted her beautifully, and was always as neat and clean as could be. In a few weeks we had grown so much that we filled the room about as completely as pickles fill the bottle, so we were obliged to go outside for a little air. And it was not long, before we hopped through the lattice-work, right out in the big world, where the sun was shining, and the flowers were blooming, and everything down to the very grass on the ground, was more beautiful than anything we had ever imagined. One morning we followed mother down to the vegetable garden, where she taught us to catch worms for ourselves, and after that, we were no more trouble to her.

Our Mother

PUZZLE CORNER

CONCEALED PROVERB

BY WALTER WELLMAN



Start at the extreme top of the circle. Draw a straight line from that point to some other point on the circumference of the circle so that it will pass through a word. From this point draw a straight line to another point on the circumference so it will pass through another word, and so on until you have a complete proverb. What is it?

HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE

My first is in oyster, but not in clam;
My second's in jelly, but not in jam;
Third is in leopard, but not in deer.
Fourth is in prophet, but not in seer;
Fifth is in palace, but not in cot,
Sixth is in amble, but not in trot;
Seventh's in cabbage, but not in corn.
Eighth is in evening, but not in morn;
My ninth is in rapid, but not in fast,
My whole means that summertime joys now are past.

DELETED WORDS

1. Take an insect from a tropical fruit and leave level ground.
2. Take "to heed" from destroyed and leave united.
3. Take a blow from a fish and find part of a bird.
4. Take part of the verb "to be," from an animal and leave French for good.
5. Take a number from plain and leave a light quick blow.
6. Take a measure of length from a vault and leave a vehicle.

WITH US AGAIN

I am composed of 10 letters.
1-3-5-7 is what a horse is when he leaves the blacksmith's.
10-4-2 an infant wears.
6-3-9 is what a hen does to an egg.

ANSWERS

HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE—*September.*
DELETED WORDS—1. *pl-ANT-ain.* 2. *w-RECK-ed.* 3. *w-HIT-ing.* 4. *b-IS-on.* 5. *pa-TEN-t.* 6. *c-ELL-ar.*
WITH US AGAIN
SCHOOL DAYS
S—H—O—D
S—O—C
L—A—Y
CONCEALED PROVERB
Beauty Is Only Skin Deep

THE JUNIOR COOK

GARDEN SANDWICHES

Select four red tomatoes that are not too ripe for slicing. They should be very firm.

Cut a small loaf of bread that is more than 24 hours old into thin slices.

Spread one-half the bread with butter which is soft enough to spread thinly.

Spread the other half with cooked salad dressing which is well chilled.

Lay slices of tomato between the bread slices. If necessary to fit well, cut the tomato slices to fit the bread. Use one slice of buttered bread and one spread with salad dressing with each sandwich.

If the crusts are tough trim off and cut the bread in two diagonally.

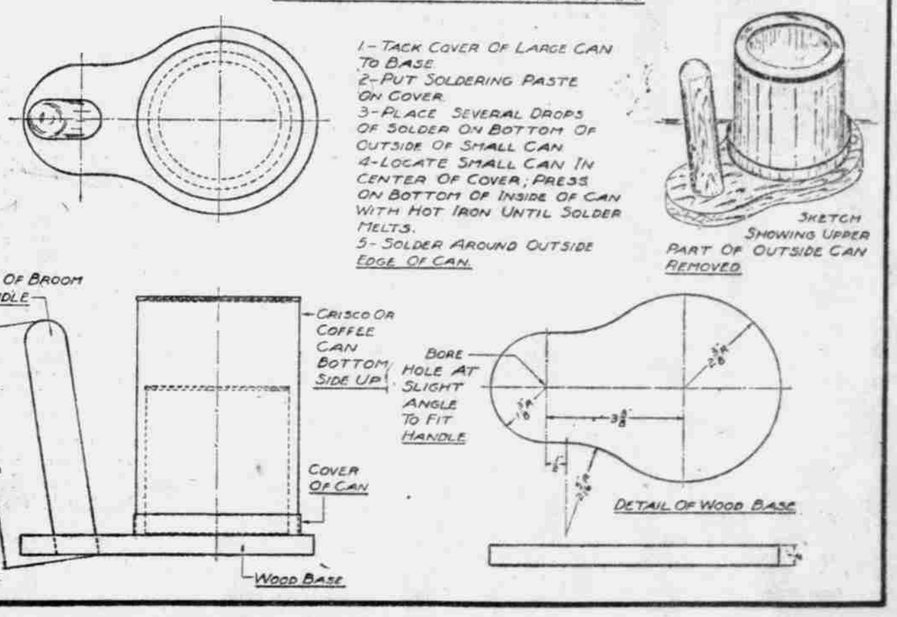
Serve at once for luncheon or wrap in paraffine paper and keep in a cool place till ready for use.

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR

INSTRUCTOR, DEP'T OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT.

PAINT OR SHELLAC CAN



ANYONE who has trouble in keeping paint or shellac brushes in good condition will at once see the usefulness of the article illustrated today. With this easily made outfit there will no longer be any need of having brushes that are in no condition to use.

The drawing shows the use of an ordinary Crisco or a coffee can for the outside protection, which will be large enough for the average brush found in the home. If, however, it is desired to care for rather large brushes, simply select a size can that will give you the proper capacity. To make use of such a can only minor changes will be necessary in the design of the base, and these can be very easily figured out by yourself.

Get out your base first, laying out the design according to the detail drawing. This will give you good practice in the use of the compass. It will be well to bore the hole for the handle before the part is cut to shape, as it will be easier to hold the piece in its rectangular form. You will notice that a piece of a broom handle is suggested for the handle of the outfit, and that a hole is to be bored to fit the handle. It is quite likely that you will be unable to bore the hole the exact size of the handle, in which case the proper thing to do is to select a size that is nearest to what you want, having the hole, of course, slightly smaller rather than slightly larger than the handle piece. The latter can then be formed to fit the hole. It is suggested that the hole be bored at a slight angle so the handle will also be at an angle as shown.

The method of putting the parts together is very simple. The top of the outside can is tacked to the base; then the smaller can is fastened to the inside of the top. Soldering paste should first be out on the cover. Then place several drops of solder on the bottom of the outside of the small can. Locate the latter exactly in the center of the top which has been fastened to the base, then press with a hot soldering iron on the bottom of the inside of the small can until the solder melts. It will also be well to place solder around the outside edge of the small can. By this means the small can is fastened solidly to the top.

By placing the body of the large can in position with its cover which is fastened to the base, you will have an excellent protection for your brushes.

Brushes to be kept in good condition should never be allowed to stand upright with the weight entirely on the bristles. They should be suspended. To accomplish this, bend a piece of wire into the form of a hook, fasten to the brush and place the hook over the edge of the can. Adjust so the bristles of the brush do not touch the bottom of the can.